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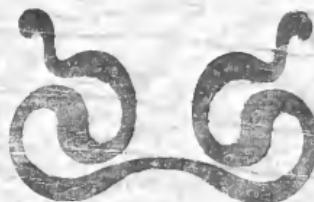
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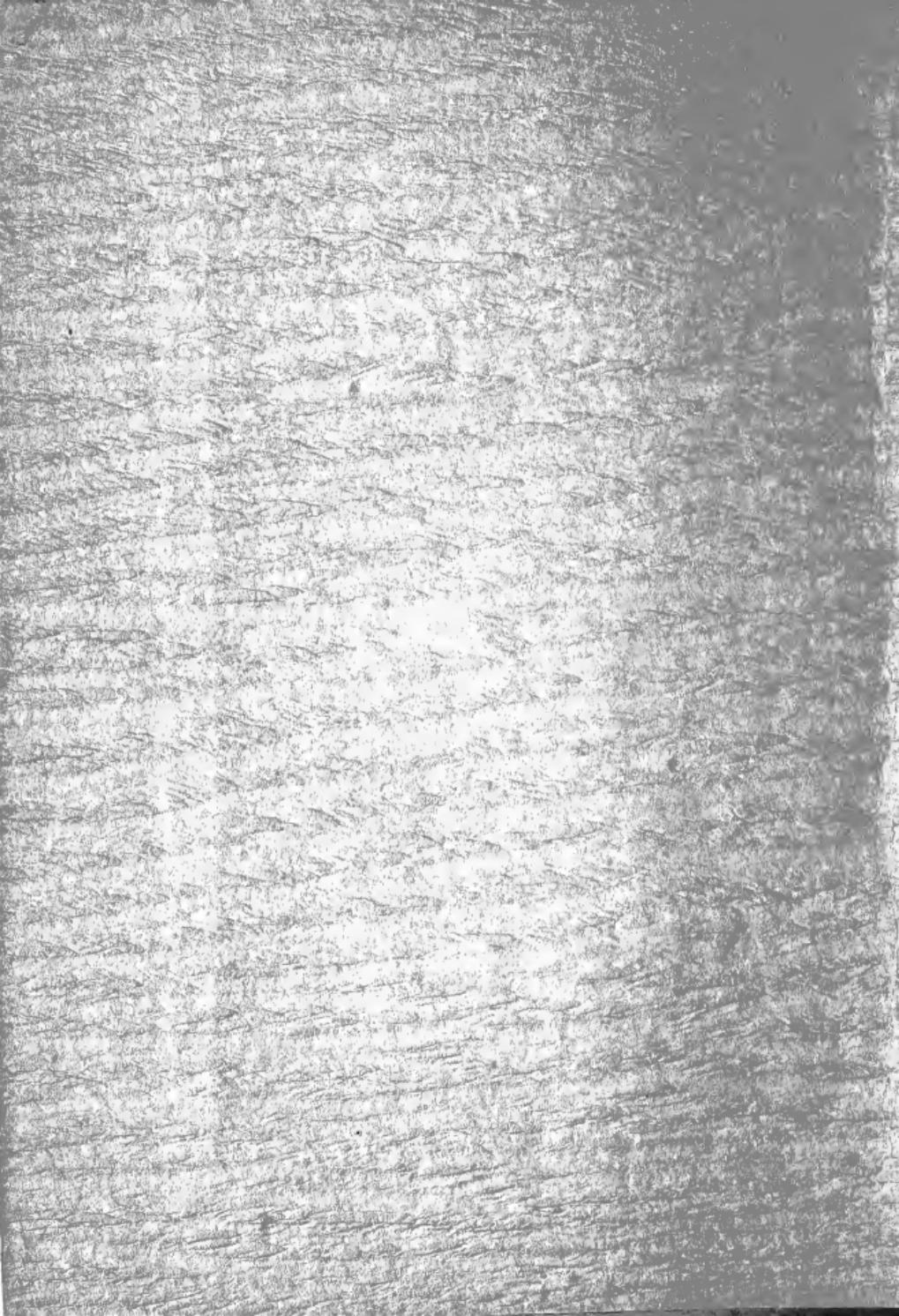
INNER VOICE



P o e m s

BY

MARIAN WENDELL HUBBARD.



THE INNER VOICE



Poems

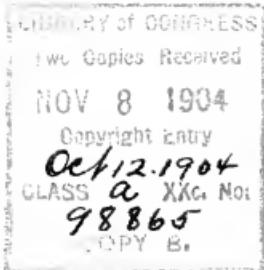


BY

Marian Wendell Hubbard.

REVIEW • PRINTING • HOUSE, • PITMAN • GROVE, • N. • J.
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*The Voice of Jesus sweetly calls,
"Come unto Me, and rest,"
And he who hears and heeds that Voice
Will evermore be blest.*

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PITMAN GROVE, N. J.

1829
Am 27 Apr 33

The Inner Voice.

I heard a Voice, a holy Voice,
And thus it spoke to me,
“ I will thy right hand firmly hold,
For I’ve redeemed thee ;
Fear not my child, I know thy name,
’Tis written up above,
I surely will remember thee
With everlasting love.”

I heard a Voice, a loving Voice,
And thus it spoke to me,
“ Go find the weary ones of earth,
A message give for Me ;
Tell them, I bid the weary rest,
The wandering ones to come ;
The shelter of their Saviour’s breast
Is peace, and love, and home.”

I heard a Voice, my Saviour’s Voice,
“ Go work to-day for Me,
I spent a weary, toilsome life,
And suffered death for thee ;
And canst thou sit, and take thine ease,
When souls each day are lost ?
Oh show the love thou hast for Me !
Go, work at any cost.”

My All for Christ.

A little more time spent with Jesus,
A little more sorrow for sin,
A deeper and fuller surrender
Of the self now dwelling within,
A little more prayer and heart searching,
A little more love for His Word.
An ear ever ready to listen
To the message, "Thus saith the Lord."

A little more time for the Master,
To go on His errands of love,
To comfort the sick and sorrowing,
Lead the erring to Jesus above.
A little more courage in telling
The story that brought joy to thee,
And filled all thy heart with gladness,
Salvation, so full and so free.

A little more zeal ; Oh ! remember
What Jesus has done for thy soul,
And give Him the best of thy service ;
Not half--but surrender the whole.
A little ! Oh, canst thou measure
The sacrifice Christ made for thee ?
Or number His pangs, and the blood drops
He shed upon Calvary's tree ?

Shall we give Him only the moments
We snatch from the pleasures of earth ?
Or yield Him, with joyful devotion,
Our lives, since 'twas He gave them birth?
A little ! Nay, take all I have, Lord !
My Saviour, so loving and sweet,
Thy blood from sin has redeemed me,
I will lay my life at Thy feet.

The Angel that Blocks Up the Way.

Numbers 22: 31.

When you turn from the path that leadeth to God,
When you listen no longer to what He would say,
Should you feel then the pain of the chastening rod,
Be sure 'tis God's Angel that blocks up the way.

When you find that the joys of the world are more sweet
Than the service of Jesus who once was your stay,
If the stones in the path then make weary your feet,
Be sure 'tis God's Angel that blocks up the way.

Sometime, it may be in the darkness of night,
You may realize that you are a child gone astray,
Then, if conscience should whisper "Oh turn to the
right."
You will know 'tis God's Angel that points out the
way.

All praise be to Jesus who died on the tree ;
The paths that were dark He has made light as day.
While the streams of salvation are still flowing free,
And Christ, as the Angel of God, leads the way.

"The Kingdom of Heaven is Within You."

Not to the heights of Heaven we go
With joy and one accord,
Not to the depths of hell below
To find our risen Lord.

Not to the rising of the sun,
Nor to the glorious West,
Where gates ajar seem opened wide
Into the land of rest.

Not through the ocean's wide expanse
Nor mountain peak of snow,
Not in the forest shadows deep
Does Jesus walk below.

In nature's works we see His hand,
But heaven, nor earth nor hell
Cannot contain the Lord of Lords,
Though He with man doth dwell.

Oh wondrous grace ! that in the heart
Surrendered to His will,
Christ makes His throne and reigns alone
The King of glory still.

Rest.

Pulsate, Oh heart ! upon His bosom
Who claims thee for His own,
He gave His precious life to win thee,
Forsook His Father's throne.

He sees with infinite compassion
The trials thou must meet,
He knows, for He has trod the pathway,
With weary, bleeding feet.

Then rest, Oh heart! upon His bosom,
In faith, and joy, and peace,
His loving arm will e'er enfold thee,
Till time itself shall cease.

Our Leader.

"Thou shalt remember all the way that the Lord hath led thee."

The path hath led thro' devious ways,
Sometimes as dark as night,
But thro' the gloom, a star of hope
Shone with effulgent light.

Some ray would beam upon my sight,
When joy, and peace, seemed dead,
Some promise whisper to my soul
When hope had almost fled.

He cannot lead me in a way
That has not for its end,
My everlasting good in view,
My kind, my loving Friend.

And so, I trust, and lean my head
Upon His loving breast,
And let Him lead me on, and on,
Into His perfect rest.

An Easter Offering.

Open your chalice, O lilies !
Reveal your hearts of gold ;
Let the pure and spotless petals
To the Easter morn unfold.
We would lay a royal offering
Down at the Saviour's feet,
What fairer than Easter lilies ?
What can we find more meet ?

The Church is laden with flowers,
The lilies in gorgeous array,
Bank up the rails of the altar,
For this is glad Easter day.
The swell of the glorious anthem
Uprose on the perfumed air ;
A solemn hush then followed
As the pastor led in prayer.

On the heads, now bowed in worship,
A benediction came,
As if Christ the Lord, arisen,
Called to His own by name.
The prayer is o'er, but someone
Has come thro' the open door,
She is pale as the Easter lilies,
And her feet are weary and sore.

Her garments are poor and scanty,
 No rustle of silk or lace,
But a hungry look of longing
 Shines out of her pallid face,
And straight, she walks to the altar,
 And falls on her knees to pray,
Her heart is broken with sorrow,
 Her lips find no words to say.

The people gaze with wonder,
 From the pulpit the pastor came,
And knelt by the penitent sinner,
 So bowed with grief and shame.
He told her the fountain was open,
 To plunge in the crimson flood,
That Jesus was ready and willing,
 To make her soul white in His blood.

And then, while the waiting people
 Gazed in wonder and awe,
There came to the sinner a vision
 Thro' the lilies her Saviour she saw.
“Go in peace ! Thy sins are forgiven,”
 And His smile was tender and sweet,
She had brought her Easter offering,
 She had laid her soul at His feet.

His Mercies are New Every Morning

We rise in the fair, fresh morning,

And gaze on a beautiful world,

The curtains of night are rolled upward,

The banners of light are unfurled.

From the purple tops of the mountains

Where still floats a misty haze,

To the quiet stream in the valley,

That gleams 'neath the sun's first rays;

From the bird that sits in the tree-top

And warbles a gladsome lay,

From the flowers, crowned with dewdrops,

There rises a welcome to Day.

The glory grows brighter, and brighter,

On the fields, the meadow, the rill,

And a crown of golden splendor

Now rests upon mountain, and hill.

Another day—new it is given,

Fresh from its Maker's own hand,

The sun from his couch of purple,

Has risen at God's command.

He clothes the earth with verdure,

His foot prints the mossy sod,

His voice fills the air with music,

All nature sings praises to God.

“Lord Shut the Door.”

When pride is in my heart enthroned,
When doubts and fears have sway,
When moved by every passing breeze,
How can I Thee obey?
Oh send the fires that purify,
Tho' they afflict me sore,
And make thyself a dwelling place;
And then, “Lord shut the door.”

Oh send Thy Holy Spirit, Lord,
To search my inmost heart,
Bring to the light each secret sin,
And cleanse its every part;
When I, an emptied vessel, am,
Into my being pour
The blessed fullness of Thy love,
And then, “Lord shut the door.”

The abiding presence of my Lord
Is heaven itself to me,
I listen—and I hear His voice,
“My child! abide in Me,
And thou shalt know My will for thee,
In grace, grow more and more;”
My heart responds—“Oh enter in!”
And then, “Lord shut the door.”

I Need Thee.

I need Thee at the dawn of day,
When first I greet the light,
And thro' the clouds of morning gray
The sun sends rays so bright.
I need Thy presence to uphold,
To guide, and lead my feet,
To keep me close, and fit me Lord,
For all Thy service sweet.

I need Thee at the hour of noon,
When waves of sultry heat
Depress my mind, and Satan tempts,
To drive him to defeat.
I need to keep the eye of faith
Fixed on the promise true,
In every season of distress,
" My grace shall be with you."

I need Thee when the twilight falls,
And shades of coming night
Succeed the glory of the clouds
All bathed in sunset light;
I need to lay aside the cares
That fill up all the day,
And sweetly rest my soul on Thee,
Oh ever with me stay !

I need Thee, Saviour, and my need,
Appeals with power to Thee ;
I know Thou never wilt forsake
The soul that needeth Thee ;
Oh ! every hour, of every day,
Keep me close by Thy side,
In life, in death, while life shall last
My Lord ! in me abide.

Love's Service.

I would fain live so close to the Master
That if He should ever call
For some one to do His bidding,
His voice on my ear would fall.
F

What matter if all unnoticed
By man—the labor were sweet
If His smile should rest upon me
As I laid my gift at His feet.

Perhaps but to bring a message
To some fainting child of the King,
A prayer, or a word of comfort,
Or a song that His loved ones sing.

Just the smallest service for Jesus,
Oh use me most gracious Lord !
Though only an earthen vessel,
May Thy love throughout me be poured.

Inasmuch.

'Twas the dreadful Day of Judgment,
And the King was on His throne,
'Round Him stood assembled nations,
And each soul was judged alone.
Trembling in the glorious presence—
Saints and angels, cherubim—
One, who on the earth was lowly,
Waited sentence passed on him.

“ Inasmuch as ye gave water
To the faint and thirsty soul,
Ministered to those who hungered
With no mean or meagre dole ;
Took into your home the stranger,
Gave him love and charity,
I, your Saviour, now proclaim it—
Ye have done it unto Me.”

“ Ye gave clo'hes to those who needed,
And ye came with gentle tread
To the sick, so sad and languid,
And their hearts were comforted.
As ye went into the prison,
Outcast souls, in love to see,
I, your King, now call ye blessed,
For ye did it unto Me.”

“ Come ! Ye blessed of my Father,
Come into your heritage,
Long prepared for those who love Him ;
Priest and prophet, king, or sage ;
None will hold a place more lofty,
Nearer to the throne will be,
Than the soul that lives for others,”
“ Ye have done it unto Me.”

The Pressure of His Love.

I will lean hard on my Lord ; I need to feel
Each day and hour, the pressure of Thy love
For I am weak, and weary often-times,
And clouds are 'round about me ;
But tho' I see Thee not, I still would feel
Thine arms about me, and know that never more
Shall I be left alone ; the way may darker grow,
But Thou art still behind the clouds.
And thro' the rifts, I catch a gleam of glory
That I shall share with Thee some day ;
And then, the memories of the days that now
Oft bear the print of weariness, and pain,
Will all be tinged with wonder at the way
My Lord has led me.
Jesus ! lead Thou me on, the path Thy feet have trod
Tho' lined with thorns, and stained with blood,
Leads up to glory, and to God.

In the Night Watches.

In the gloom of the night, He speaks to me,
As I lie so quiet and still,
And listen to what my Lord shall say,
As he tells me His blessed will.

" My child ! and I feel a holy calm,
At the sound of the still, small Voice,
That falls on my ear like an evening psalm,
And causes my heart to rejoice.

" Why is thy heart so sadly bowed
By a weight of crushing care ?
Canst thou not tell thy wants to Me,
For I will answer prayer."

" I know thy utter helplessness,
But there is strength in Me,
Thou wouldest be free from doubt, and fears,
I wait to succour thee."

Then, I pour out my heart in prayer to Him,
I tell Him my trials and cares,
And in tenderness, He bends over me,
And all my sorrow shares.

And into my heart, there comes sweet rest,
As He whispers, " Peace be still,"
For I know He will lead me in the way,
Of His own blessed will.

Glory be to God on High.

Hark! the angels sing in chorus,

“ Glory be to God on high !”

And the air is filled with music,

While light streams from out the sky.

Lowly bow the wondering shepherds

As they hear the glad refrain,

“ Peace on earth ! good will !” re-echoes,

“ Peace ! good will ” resounds again.

Wide were opened heaven’s portals

As the angels chanted then,

Clothed in robes of heavenly radiance,

The good tidings to all men ;

That the child in Bethlehem’s manger

Is the Lord Himself, come down,

To redeem a world from danger,

He forsook a royal crown.

Now, the dear, the wondrous story,

Echoes through the whole wide earth,

And upon this Christmas morning

Christians celebrate His birth.

Ring out bells your merry greetings,

Let your glad notes pierce the sky,

Join the chorus, oh ye people,

“ Glory be to God on high !”

What Matter When, or How ?

A little while, and He will come
To bear me to my home above ;
I know not how, or when 'twill be,
But this I know, that God is love.

He cannot lead me in a way
That is not for my lasting good,
And I have learned to trust each day
The promise of His Fatherhood.

And so, tho' it may be thro' pain,
And deep distress, my way may lie,
I know 'twill be eternal gain
To be with Jesus, when I die.

I know the pearly gates stand wide,
And angel faces, calm and sweet,
When all life's storms I shall outride,
Are watching there, my soul to greet.

I hear His voice, " Be still ! be still !
My child, I've trod this way before ; "
I seem to see the bleeding feet,
The brow, a cruel thorn-crown tore ;

And the dear hands, outstretched for me,
Upon the cruel cross to die ;
He won the victory o'er the grave,
And lives to welcome me on high.

He Giveth Quietness.

Like the waves that toss on the stormy sea,
As they break on the rock-bound shore,
Like the winds that blow from the north so free,
And forever bluster and roar,
Is the heart that never has found its rest,
But flies, like a homeless bird,
Thro' the realm of thought, to a broken nest,
That a hidden Hand has stirred.

But thro' the gloom of the darkest night,
Comes the promise of God to thee,
He has written in words of living light
“Return,” and “Come unto Me;”
And like a bird on a wind tossed nest
Sings to its trusting brood,
The heart may dwell in quietness,
By the Holy Spirit wooed.

The blessed gift of quietness,
The peace that the Comforter brings
Keeps the heart serene thro' the wildest storms,
While praises to God it sings;
And the voice that stilled the Gallilee,
Thro' our hearts sends a gladsome thrill,
For the winds, and waves are hushed to rest,
When He whispers, “Peace be still.”

A Vision of Heaven.

I saw in a vision, the glory of God,
Bright angels encircled the throne,
And the saints who are saved by the blood of the Lamb,
Clothed in garments that glistening shone.

Sweet anthems of praise re-echoed His name,
Thro' the arches of Heaven so fair,
While waves of melodious music rolled on,
Caught up by the multitudes there.

"Twas the new, new song ; as I listened, I wept,
For I knew not the joyous refrain,
But a dear Hand was laid on my trembling head ;
"Sing the song of the Lamb that was slain."

"Twas the story so old, I had known so long,
Set to music by angelic choir,
And with joyful accord, my lips joined the song,
While my heart glowed with rapturous fire.

Oh the dear ones I loved were all gathered there,
At the feet of the Saviour, so dear,
As I woke from my vision, I uttered a prayer,
"Take me home, when my work is done here."

Consider the Lilies.

"Consider the lilies that grow in the field,"
How perfect their beauty, what fragrance they yield!
How exquisite the petals ; silence unbelief ;
See the touch of the Master on each little leaf!

In all of the grandeur of his high estate,
Not even King Solomon on his throne sat,
More regally clothed than the lilies that grew,
Bathed in the sunshine, and washed in the dew.

Why doubt then, Oh christian? our Father doth see
Our every day needs, and will surely clothe thee;
But be sure that thy soul has this loveliest dress,
The pure spotless robe of Christ's righteousness.

Abiding Grace.

Oh, not for just a moment, Lord!

A day, a month, a year,
But take up Thine abiding place,
And dwell within me here.

The fleeting hours may speed away,
The years may come and, go,
But if Thy Spirit reigns in me,
No evil can I know.

A deeper work of grace I need,
That self may not arise,
From out the smoldering funeral pyre,
To draw me from the skies.

Blest Holy Spirit! come this hour
And claim the right of way,
Refine, and cleanse, burn up the dross,
And in me dwell alway.

Sometime.

Sometime, I cannot tell how soon,
From out the realms of mystery,
I'll hear the summons to come home
To the fair house prepared for me.
It may be when the morning sun
O'er earth's fair scenes is beaming bright,
While birds breathe notes of melody.
And nature greets the morning light.

It may be when the heat of noon
In sultry waves sweeps o'er the land,
That tired and worn, my fainting soul
Will be by heavenly breezes fanned.
It may be when the evening shades
Fall over hill, and vale, and dell,
That there will come a call for me,
My friends may say—a funeral knell.

Oh soul what will it mean to thee
To leave these fleeting scenes of earth?
And slipping from the robe of clay,
Rise to a newer, heavenly birth?
Oh eyes, so dimmed by grief and care,
Shall you behold the glorious King?
Oh tongue, that stammered forth His praise,
Shall you with angel voices sing?

Oh ears, unstopped forever more,
Shall you hear Jesus say "Well done,"
While swells the chorus of the skies
To God the Father, Spirit, Son?
A little while, and He will come
To bear me to my home above,
I know not how, or where, or when,
But I can trust His dying love.

Jesus.

Jesus is my precious Saviour,
Sacrifice for sin is He,
Peace He made with God the Father,
Opened gates of Heaven to me.

He is light amid the darkness,
Truth and wisdom, life above,
From the pit of sin He drew me,
Crowns me daily with His love.

Jesus is my resurrection,
And when death shall seal my eyes,
He will open Heaven's portal,
In His name I shall arise.

Rise to reign with Him forever,
Rise to shine in His own light,
See the King in all His beauty,
Faith forever lost in sight.

I Shall be Satisfied.

Satisfied! Yes my soul shall be,
When Thou, my glorified Lord I see,
When leaving these scenes of grief and mirth,
I shall rise triumphant above the earth,
And, freed forever from strife and sin,
Shall enter the mansions He died to win.

Satisfied! here in this vale of tears,
Of pain and sorrow, of doubts and fears ;
Satisfied! far from my Father's face,
Kept from sin only by His grace ;
Ah! never completely, can my soul rest,
Till I lean my head on Jesus' breast.

Nay, were the wealth of the whole world mine,
The gold from the mountains, the pearls that shine
In the depths of the ocean, the diamond's light
Seems not to me one-half so bright,
As the City that needs no light of the sun,
Where the Lamb abides, all glorious One.

There! there only satisfied,
The trammels of sin all cast aside,
At the Saviour's feet I'll lay me down,
And tho' all unworthy to wear a crown,
I can join my voice to the angel throng,
And praise my Lord in a rapturous song.

Praise for the pardon, the peace and joy,
Praise for His mercy my tongue shall employ,
Even while waiting the summons to come,
Till the Death-angel says, "Weary child, come home."
Then, with faith crossing the river wide,
I shall enter in, and be "satisfied."

Alone with Conscience.

Oh speak to me now, my conscience !
In this lonely midnight hour,
And tell the truth to my 'wakened soul,
Though it make me faint and cower.

Down in the secret depths of my heart,
Are there faults that I will not see,
Some cherished sin, or indifference
To what God may think of me ?

Alone—alone with my conscience,
And I hear its warning bell,
I'll trifle no more, Eternity's shore,
Is either heaven, or hell.

Ah my heart is burdened with sorrow,
But I hear a whisper of love,
And I know that dear Voice, Oh conscience!
Is calling to heaven above.

Oh yes ! I will come to my Saviour,
He will clear my conscience of sin.
No more will I stay from Jesus away,
When He bids me now enter in.

From Darkness to Light.

Once I was lonely and sad,
And felt I was guilty indeed,
But now I am happy and glad,
My soul from sin's bondage is freed,
Shall I tell you how it was done,
This change from sin unto grace ?
A touch from Jesus' dear hand,
A smile of love on His face.

No more need I sink in despair,
No more need I weep tears of woe,
For now I have freedom from care,
With my burdens to Jesus I go.
He whispers so sweetly, " Lean hard !
Let me feel thy pressure of love."
Oh, who could resist the dear Voice
That comfort speaks now from above ?

Are you wandering still far away,
Poor sinner, lost and undone ?
Your Saviour is calling today,
" Come back to the fold, dear one !"
For you He has suffered and died,
Gave up glory that you might have light
Oh, trample just now on your pride,
And come home to Jesus tonight.

Speak a Word for Jesus.

Oh speak a word for Jesus
And do not be afraid,
His presence will uphold you,
He'll give you promised aid.

And tho' your voice may falter
As you would fain proclaim,
How fully He has saved you,
And glory give His name—

Yet, tell the old, old story,
Of how He died for you,
How strong He is, and tender,
Such love you never knew.

It may be one will listen
Whose heart had beat with fear,
But what you say of Jesus,
His drooping soul may cheer.

Tho' weak, our blessed Saviour,
Will ne'er forget His own,
And when the conflicts over,
We'll see Him on His throne.

Oh help us then, our Saviour !
To bravely speak for Thee,
And thus, as faithful children,
Thy witnesses to be.

“Who Touched Me?”

Amid the multitude
That 'round the Saviour press,
She, with the loving hand of faith,
Has touched His seamless dress.

A thrill of buoyancy
Ran through her aching frame,
The foretaste of returning health,
Oh, glory to His name !

“Who touched me?” Jesus said,
And lo ! His smile was sweet ;
She saw the heaven in His eyes,
And fell down at His feet.

“Fear not, be comforted,
Thy faith hath made thee whole ;”
And with the words the woman rose
With glory in her soul.

We touch His tender heart
With pity, for life's woes ;
With tender hand He touches us,
And healing comfort flows.

Come Home.

Come to the fountain, Oh sinner, to-night !
Plunge in its flood, and wash your soul white ;
Jesus is calling, Oh then to Him come,
Jesus is waiting to welcome you home.

ng you've been straying out in the cold,
Long you have wandered away from the fold,
Tho' you have given the Lord such despite,
Still He is calling—" Come home to-night."

If you are hungry, His table is spread,
Feed on His bounty, the true living bread,
If you are thirsting, there's rivers of light,
Jesus calls sweetly—" Come home to-night."

At His Feet.

Master ! like Mary, I sit at Thy feet,
To listen to all Thou would'st say ;
My heart is longing to know Thy will,
Oh give me a message to-day !

I bring Thee the cares Thou knowest well,
The trials that cause me to faint,
And ask for Thy grace to walk in this way,
With never a moan or complaint.

'Tis blessed to know Thou art willing to give,
The wisdom for which I sigh,
And to feel that in life's vicissitudes,
Thy presence is ever nigh.

Let me lean on Thy arm, and trust Thee more,
Give me always abiding grace ;
May the shadows flee, as the clouds away,
Neath the brightness of Thy face.

The Wanderer's Song.

[A true incident.]

The solemn waves of holy song
Swelled on the vibrant air
The naves, and arches echo now
The words of praise, and prayer ;
In the shadow of the choir stands
A ragged, wayworn tramp,
With a look of longing on the face
That bore the wand'rer's stamp.

“ Oh let me sing ! ” the leader heard,
With pity and amaze ;
A look of manhood to the tramp,
Came, as in by-gone days ;
Who knows what memories came to him,
Of youth, and hope, and love,
What shadows from the past so dim,
Came rushing from above ?

Among the group of maidens fair,
Of skilled and cultured men,
Arose the tramp, as one inspired ;
Sang as an angel then ;
Above the throng, to Heaven's gate,
Uprose that glorious song,
It may be that some loved one heard,
Who had waited for him long ?

The last sweet note died on the air,
A solemn hush prevailed,
As silently, the singer went,
And faces drooped, and paled ;
Out in the darkness of the night,
He passed thro' all the throng,
But still will be remembered there
The singer and his song.

In the Gloaming.

Oh, starry night ! thy jewelled robe
Is trailing o'er the skies,
And over this fair earth of ours,
A misty splendor lies.

The birds, with twitterings, seek their nests,
The cows go lowing home,
And purpling splendors of the west,
Are lost in coming gloom.

Where all was bustle and turmoil,
Silence now reigns supreme,
Forgotten is the day of toil,
In mellow moonlight's gleam.

And hearts and homes are hushed to rest
By nature's sweet repose,
For mother earth, on her broad breast,
Has rocked to sleep, Day's close.

Alone.

Alone in the midst of the tumult,
Alone though the multitudes press,
Passing alone through the city,
Clad in His seamless dress.

Alone in the lofty mountain,
Afar from the homes of men,
Communing with God in the Spirit,
Alone--yet not alone then !

Alone—He walks on the billow
His fearful disciples to save,
Again, when aroused from His pillow
His voice calmed the wind and the wave.

Alone in Gethsemane's garden,
'Tho' those who loved Him were nigh;
They slept, while in anguish of spirit
He uttered to God a heart-cry.

Alone, on the cross where they nailed Him,
In agony there on the tree,
He paid all my debt with His life-blood,
And purchased a pardon for me.

Eventide Glory.

'Tho' the clouds of gloom hang over the way,
Wild and high sweeps the rolling tide,
When the golden sun sinks adown the west,
'Twill be light at the eventide.

My heart need not fear if Jesus is near,
Life's storms, by his grace, I'll outride,
He has given to me this promise sure,
'Twill be light at the eventide.

Oh shelter me close in Thy loving arms,
I can want no refuge beside,
Dear Saviour, lead me thro' the gates of death,
To the light on the other side.

The Tender Shepherd.

Like sheep we have all gone astray,
And wandered afar from the fold,
We have left the haven of rest,
And our hearts to Jesus are cold.

But hark ! There's a Voice on the night,
" I will seek my sheep which is lost,
And bring him again to the fold,
For his soul, My blood paid the cost."

And so, thro' the mazes of sin,
The Saviour is threading His way.
Tho' His feet are bleeding and torn,
He must seek His sheep gone astray.

Oh soul ! do you hear the dear Voice
As He pleads with you now to come home?
He offers you pardon and peace ;
Oh why will you still longer roam ?

The Sun of Righteousness.

There is a glory exceeding the sunlight
That is tinting the eastern sky,
Where the beams of morn are darting
Like lances of gold up on high;
And when in the eve, slowly dying,
The Day god sinks in the west,
We know that twilight is falling,
For the sun has gone to his rest.

There is a Sun of more radiant splendor
That never sets in the sky,
And His beams are pouring upon us
A radiance from on high ;
Supreme in His might and glory,
He looks on us only to bless,
In our weakness, His eyes grow tender ;
'Tis the Sun of Righteousness.

'Tis Jesus who once came among us,
And lived in the homes of men,
Who was more sorely tried and tempted,
Than any of us have been ;
Who carried our woes and sorrows,
That He might show us the way,
Through the gloom of our pilgrim journey,
To the light of Eternal Day.

*"The High and Holy One that Inhabiteth
Eternity."*

How dare I think of Thee
 Lord of the skies ?
Dwelling in majesty,
 Almighty and wise ;
Suns for the canopy
 Over Thy throne,
Thy glorious footstool,
 With stars overstrewn.

How dare I think of Thee
 Filling all space ;
Lord, pure and holy,
 I cover my face ;
Thou in Thy purity,
 I in my sin,

How dare I look to Thee,
 Favor to win ?

How shall I think of Thee ?
 How dare come near ?
Only through Jesus,
 The Saviour so dear.

He bore the penalty,
 For my sins He died,
I come to Thee, Father,
 Thro' Christ crucified.

"To-Day—If You Will Hear His Voice."

A Hand is knocking, knocking still
Upon a fast closed door,
'Tis stained with blood, the night is chill,
Christ's heart with grief is sore.

The door is shut; no answering voice
Comes from the heart within,
While knocking still, so patiently,
He pleads to enter in.

The door is shut; no longer now
Are beckoning Hands outspread,
The day of grace forever gone,
A night of gloom instead.

"Ye would not come," Oh! hear the Voice
That once with tender tone
Re-echoed thro' the silent night,
In judgment, on the throne.

"Depart from Me! I know you not."
Oh fearful, fearful fate!
The loving Saviour pleads no more.
Too late! Too late! Too late!

In the Secret Place.

"The secret place of the Most High,"
'Tis there my soul would dwell,
"Beneath the shadow of His wings,"
Are joys no tongue can tell.

The Lord, Almighty to redeem,
Will with His child abide,
And naught of earth can e'er molest
Those who in Him confide.

Oh blessed place ! beneath the wings
Of Him who loved me so ;
My Saviour is the King of Kings,
To whom else should I go ?

The Milestones of Life.

We are passing the milestones of life,
The years that forever have gone
Were freighted with joys, sorrows, and cares,
That came to us one by one.

We are passing the milestones of life,
So swift are they fleeting away,
And we write on the tablets for good, or ill,
A record of every day.

We are passing the milestones of life,
And we meet the sad and lone,
A smile, or a word of cheer, as we pass
Will be light on the shadows thrown.

We are passing the milestones of life,
Passing them one by one,
The months and years will soon be gone,
And our pilgrimage be done.

The Leper.

He dwelt afar from the homes of men.
No mother laid her cool hand on his aching head,
No wife gave him sweet comfort when his day's work
Was o'er, nor little ones came prattling to his knee.
Nay, he had not one familiar friend
To share his joys and sorrows. He dwelt alone.
And this the secret of his woe ; he was a leper ;
Oh bitter fate ! not only to be shunned by man,
But to abhor himself, for was he not unclean ?
The day was fair, and every breeze
Seemed to bring to his anguished soul, dear memories
Of his childhood days, e'er this fell disease
Had broken every tie, and sent him forth
To dwell alone. "I will arise,"
He murmurs to himself, "and view the scenes
That once I loved so well."
Down from the rugged mountain side unto
A group of trees that overlook a winding road,
That leads from fair Jerusalem.
Here he paused and within the shelter
Of the tangled brush, he bends to listen.
Hark ! What mean the shouts and tramp of many
feet ;
Closer he draws within his leafy screen,
Lest they should know a leper was hidden there.
They nearer come, and now he sees the multitude
Who close around one Man ; calm and serene,
A wondrous majesty in His face and mien.
He halts before his hiding place ; closely they press
Around Him. He touches a blind man's eyes,
And lo ! the glories of the earth and sky burst on
His raptured sight. The lame man at His touch
Leaps to his feet, and praises Him who healed him.
From his retreat, the leper sees it all,
And with hope thrilling thro' all his parched frame,

He rushes forth and kneels before the Master ;
“ Lord, if Thou wilt, Thou canst make me clean ! ”
The loving look of the pitying Saviour meets his own,
And the dear Hands touch the face so seamed with
 misery,
And the Voice so full of tenderness, says,
“ I will, be thou clean.”

“ *Fear Not.* ”

“ Fear not ” Jehovah speaks,
 “ No harm shall come to thee,
For I will be thy guard and shield,
 While thou dost trust in Me.”

“ Fear not,” the Saviour’s word,
 “ Oh little flock fear not,
For ’tis the Father’s will to give,
 The kingdom, so fear not.”

“ Fear not tho’ storms arise,
 Tho’ thunders roar, and shake,
The lightnings flash in vivid glare,
 The Lord will not forsake.

“ Fear not the storms of life,
 For He is ever near,
The Voice that spoke on Gallilee,
 Can still allay our fear.

“ Fear not the silent tomb,
 ’Tis but the entrance gate
To life immortal with our Lord,
 Where endless glories wait.

He Told God the Reason Why.

[Before the battle of El Caney, a color-bearer was given the flag by his Colonel, with the solemn injunction to hold it sacred. He made answer: "I will bring it back, my Colonel, or tell God the reason why."]

"Take the flag, and hold it sacred,
Guard its folds from every stain,
And, if need be shed your life blood,
Fight to bring it back again."

"Let no alien hand possess it,
No surrender to the foe,
Here, I trust you, take it Sergeant,
On your glorious mission go."

Calm and proud, the color-bearer
Then made answer, loud and clear,
"I will bring the flag back Colonel,
No dishonor need you fear."

"I will bear our country's banner,
I will lift these colors high ;
If I come not back, my Colonel,
I'll tell God the reason why."

Where the battle raged the fiercest
Still the stars and stripes unfold,
But when night fell o'er El Caney,
The brave soldier's heart was cold.

Bathed in blood, his comrades found him,
Face upturned unto the sky,
With the starry flag around him
He told God the reason why.

The Open Gate.

The gate of the city is open,
The wand'r'er coming so late,
Has caught a gleam from the portal
And enters the open gate.

He had lost his way on the mountains,
He was hungry, and thirsty, and cold,
But his feet, tho' weary, were seeking
The path to the city of gold.

For the King in His love had called him
To turn from his sorrow, and sin,
And taste of the feast preparing,
For those He had bidden within.

"Come! for all things are now ready,"
The sweet Voice rings out on the night,
No more in darkness he wanders,
For Jesus gives warmth, life and light.

The gate is ajar now for sinners,
Who are saved by pardoning grace,
With joy, we may enter the city,
And gaze on the King, face to face.

The Lost Sheep.

The shepherd is seeking his sheep,
The night is bitter and cold,
And ninety and nine are gathered safe,
But one has strayed from the fold.

And so, thro' the midnight gloom,
He wends his wearisome way,
He cannot rest till he finds this one,
The sheep that has gone astray.

Hark to the pitiful wail,
Borne on the cold night air !
Ah ! a listening ear has caught the sound,
Far out on the mountains bare.

And there, on the rock strewn crags,
While blood drops mark the way,
The shepherd finds the wayward one,
The sheep that had gone astray.

The Saviour is seeking His child,
He has passed thro' anguish untold,
Oh wand'rer haste to His loving arms !
Return, return to the fold !

Oh Love that can never fail !
Oh Eye that doth never sleep !
Lord, with Thy wounded hands and feet,
Bring back Thy wayward sheep.

Thanksgiving.

The Summer has gone with its fair blooming flowers,
The wind whistles shrill thro' its gardens and bowers,
The soft, soothing zephyrs have floated away
With the birds to a land, where 'tis Summer alway.

The trees don bright mantles of crimson and gold,
A girdle of russet the green swards enfold
Tho' brilliant in hue, 'tis the sign of decay,
And soon will give place to garments of gray.

The Summer was fair, and we revelled in bliss,
As the South wind touched softly the brow with a kiss,
But each season has joy, and our hearts swell with
pride

O'er the glories of Autumn that crown the hill-side.

The fields yield their harvests of rich, golden grain,
The fruit bends the trees in orchard and lane,
Gay leaves spread a carpet superb for our feet,
While the cloudlets paint pictures our vision to greet.

To the bountiful Father we offer our praise
For the Spring and the Summer, and bright Autumn
days,
For seed time and harvest, for flowers and grain,
For the glorious sun and plentiful rain.

The Lord of the skies in the heavens afar,
Who keeps in its place every glittering star,
Whose power controls the land and the sea,
Is worthy of praise; "Lord we give it to Thee."

"Look Up—Lift Up."

Up to the throne of the Father above.
Up to the heart of Christ's infinite love,
Whose Spirit in power descends from above.

Look up! Look up!

When every-day trials are hard to be borne
And life's bitter sorrows make the heart mourn;
E'en the beautiful earth of its glory seems shorn:

Look up! Look up!

Here is a brother, all covered with sin;
No hope for the future; no peace is within.
With your eyes fixed on Jesus, his soul you may win:

Look up! Lift up!

A sister has fallen; O! pity her woe;
With Jesus' forgiveness, to her you can go.
His mercy is infinite; go tell her so;

Lift up! Lift up!

Look up to Jesus! He surely will lead.
Lift up each one who has sorrow or need;
With Christ in your heart, you are sure to succeed:

Look up! Lift up!

Christian Endeavor.

Christian Endeavor means working and praying,
Earnest and active, and straight towards the goal,
Not in the world's joys to be idly straying,
Tainting the armor and harming the soul.

Working for Jesus ! Oh, what an honor !
Co-worker with Him, our Saviour and God,
A world to be ransomed, the sin weight upon her
Washed out in the torrent of atoning blood.

Let the full weight of His Cross rest upon us,
Think of the pangs that for us He has borne ;
Be true to His cause, forever and ever ;
Let not His crown of one gem be shorn.

It may be in weakness, the seed we are sowing,
But watered and tended by spiritual grace,
'Twill win for our Master some souls for His kingdom,
And this the reward—a smile from His face.

The Shut Door.

A shut door to the world, its turmoil and din,
A shut door to the power of inbred sin,
To the cares, the sorrows, the trials of life,
I seek with my Lord release from the strife ;
As my soul longs for Thee, Oh Master, and Friend !
In silent communion, Thy sympathy blend,
With this frail heart now seeking Thy face
As it pleads to be filled with Thy wonderful grace.

A shut door to the world, oh ! how it reveals
The power of Jesus to comfort and heal ;
The sin burdened soul never entered in vain,
For Jesus waits there to cleanse every stain ;
His comfort surpasses the burden I bear,
His presence relieves me of sorrow and care ;
Then forget not, Oh pilgrim ! to enter this fold
Of the shut door with Jesus, of mercies untold.

HENRY A. WENDELL.

She Loved Much.

The Saviour sat in the Pharisee's hall
And spoke words of heavenly grace ;
But a look of sadness and grief withal
Was on His holy face,
For he felt the weight of the whole world's sin ;
His mission was only lost souls to win.

Slowly among the gathering throng,
The Magdalene came to the place
And down at the feet of the Lord she fell
With a faltering, timid grace.
And oh ! what tears of grief were shed
As she wiped His feet with the hair of her head.

The ointment of spikenard so rare and sweet,
Mingled with her tears as they fell ;
For she poured it all on His holy feet,
Her love and repentance to tell ;
But the Pharisee said, " Surely He cannot know
How sinful this woman—to bear with her so."

Then in tones sweet and solemn, the Saviour spoke,
" Simon, I have somewhat to say."
" Master, say on." " Two debtors there were,
And neither had wherewith to pay ;
One owed a great debt, the other was small
But the creditor frankly forgave them all."

" Now, which should'st thou say would love him most ? "

Made answer the proud Pharisee,
Who, of his own goodness, did vaunt and boast,
" The one forgiven much is he ! "
Then Jesus turned to Mary who wept,
And into His heart tender pity crept.

" Simon ! when weary I entered thy house ;
Thou gavest no water to Me
To lave my feet ; but this woman with love
Hath bathed them in tears," said He.

" No kiss didst thou offer, as seemeth meet,
But she hath ceaselessly kissed my feet."

And now, I say, for her faithful love,
Though her sins are of scarlet dye,
They shall be forgiven—her soul as pure
As the whitest snows that lie
On the mountain's crest, and her heart shall glow
With a peace that thine may never know.

Joy, peace and love ; such rich gifts of grace
As freely upon her are poured
As the ointment so precious that laved the feet
Of her weary, suffering Lord,
And He hath bidden her go in peace
And strive henceforward from sin to cease.

The Hidden Life.

You think a spirit calm, and tame,
Dwells in the quiet breast,
That never kindles to a flame,
Or yields to wild unrest.

You do not know ! No human eye
Can pierce beneath the veil ;
The hidden refuge of the soul
No human foot can scale.

Go trace the eagle in his flight,
Arrest him in his course—
Go bid the river tides to flow
Back to their mountain source.

Bind down the bitter winds that blow
In freedom from the hills,
Unlock, from winter's icy clasp,
The rippling streams and rills.

As well call nature's forces tame,
As well bid them reverse
The order of their Maker's laws,
And make their good a curse,

As judge the feelings of the heart
By outward signs so calm ;
The deep and surging thoughts that flow
A peon to Life's Psalm.

Ah no ! 'Tis but the grace of God
That stills the heart's deep moan,
The daily manna—hourly given,
Sustains the soul alone.

And He, whose Eye can scan our hearts,
Whose Hand has cast the mould,
Alone can understand our lives,
Their secret springs unfold.

Wild Flowers.

Hidden away under the leaves,
Mayflower, blushing and sweet,
Fairy bells blooming unseen,
Oft trampled by careless feet.

Dear little harbinger of Spring,
So fragrant, so tiny, and fair,
Why do you grow neath the forest leaves,
Whose Hand planted you there?

Violet, from your mossy nook,
Down in the greenwood sod,
Tell us who placed you in the shade?
And the violet answers, "God."

Daisies in the meadow grass
With eyes turned to the sky,
I ask the question, as I pass,
Who placed you here, and why?

Wild rose trailing o'er the ground.
Pixie, and golden rod,
From every flower, the answer comes,
"We are the work of God."

Words.

Lighter than the tiny rose leaf
 Stirred in summer air,
Evanescing as the snowflake,
 While it seems as fair,
Gone with every flying moment,
 Yet, its memory still
Lingers in the heart, forever,
 With a wondrous thrill.

Just a gentle, loving message,
 Just a hopeful word
In the depths of one sad spirit
 Has a new ambition stirred.
To be nobler, purer, better,
 Rise above the sordid earth,
Have a higher hope of heaven,
 Where the soul life has its birth.

Still another word is spoken,
 Hasty word of careless scorn,
But it bore such cruel anguish
 To a heart that was forlorn ;
Echoing still, it travels onward,
 Bearing venom in its sting,
Wounding heart and life forever,
 Swift as arrow on the wing.

Oh ! These words of ours are mighty
 To bring comfort or distress,
For each one is born in heaven,
 Or in Satan's dark fortress.
Words ! they seem of little moment,
 Yet just one has saved a soul,
While another, bitter, scathing,
 Ruin spread beyond control.

Throw a pebble in the water,
See the circles widening spread,
And remember, words we utter
Will be living when we're dead.
Father ! Thou canst make the fountain
Pure from every taint of sin ;
Then our thoughts and words will ever
Tell of sweetness born within.

Open Your Heart to the Sunshine.

Open your heart to the sunshine
And let its glad rays stream in,
'Twill scatter the clouds of darkness,
And make all bright within.

Open your heart to the sunshine,
And let it enter your soul,
Then give to the world your riches,
And give with no meagre dole.

Open your heart to the sunshine,
No more, let the shadows within
Obscure the smile of the Saviour,
Who saves from sorrow, and sin.

Open your heart to the sunshine,
Open its windows wide,
Let the streams of Jesus' salvation,
Flow into your soul, and abide.

Tenting Toward Sodom.

Are you pitching your tent toward Sodom,
Tho' the valley is laden with bloom,
And each scene is so fair and enticing,
The Lord has predicted its doom.

Are you pitching your tent toward Sodom,
Are you looking with longing that way?
'Tis the land where the wicked are dwelling;
Oh turn about brother, to-day!

Are you pitching your tent toward Sodom,
Are you trusting to goodness long past,
When you dwelt in the land of the righteous,
When your hope on the anchor was cast?

Oh pitch not your tent toward Sodom!
Keep your feet in the old beaten track,
That the saints and the martyrs are treading,
March forward, but never turn back.

There is danger, and death toward Sodom,
For the Lord in His terrible ire,
Will send on the evil destruction,
They shall perish in whirlwinds of fire.

The Coming of the King.

I awake in the early morning,
And behold each golden ray,
A thought in my heart is dawning,
That Jesus may come to-day.

He may come in pomp and splendor,
Thro' the portals of heaven's gate,
By an angel band attended,
As a King in high estate.

When the trumpet call has sounded,
When the saints are gathering home,
Shall I be there among them,
And hear His welcome, "Come?"

I would not be empty handed,
When I meet Him in the air,
I would bring some souls to glory,
With me, its joys to share.

Then awake my soul ! and listen
For the sound of angel wing,
For we know not day, nor hour,
When we shall see the King.

"Work While it is Day."

There is work to do for Jesus,
Do not idly fold your hands !
When the Master's voice is calling,
Rise, and follow His commands.

There is work to do for Jesus.
For He suddenly may come ;
Don't you want some sheaves to show Him,
At the glorious Harvest home ?

The Passing Year.

The old Year is dying fast,
He is wrinkled, and old and gray,
The time of his sturdy strength is past,
And now, he must hasten away.

What record leaves he behind ?
What tale will eternity tell ?
Are there garner'd sheaves, or tares, or leaves ?
Will the Master say—" It is well ? "

What heart have we helped to cheer,
What burdens lifted for Him,
To whom each deed in the year that is past
Shines out from the shadows dim ?

Oh Thou ! who our acts doth weigh,
Who knoweth each secret thought ;
Forgive the things we have left undone,
As well as the ills we have wrought.

Let the light from Thy loving Face
Shine into our hearts this year,
May the reflex glow to saddened ones
Bring brighter hope, and cheer.

And then, as the shadows creep
O'er the steep hill-side of Time,
We will stand and wait, for Thy coming Lord
To lead to a fairer clime.



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